

**COWBOY**

**ALL COMICS**

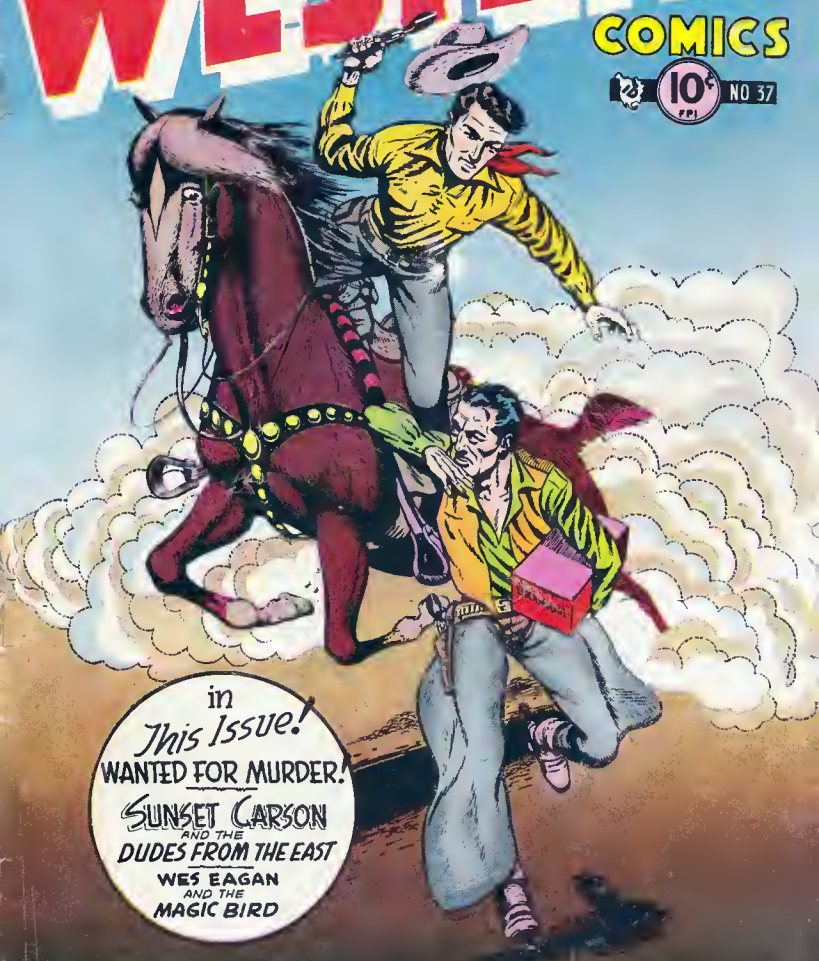
# WESTERN

**COMICS**



**10¢**  
FPI

NO 37



in  
*This Issue!*  
**WANTED FOR MURDER!**

**SUNSET CARSON**  
AND THE  
**DUDES FROM THE EAST**

**WES EAGAN**  
AND THE  
**MAGIC BIRD**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# WESTERN WONDERS

**HOLDING OUT  
TO THE LAST  
DITCH!**



IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT DURING THE EARLY DAYS IN MEXICO, ...MANY BANDITS LITERALLY HELD OUT TO THE LAST DITCH! ... UPON BEING GIVEN A DEATH SENTENCE THE CONDEMNED MAN'S LAST DUTY WAS TO DIG A LAST DITCH! ... AFTER THE EXECUTION IT WOULD BECOME HIS GRAVE!

**A LONG  
WAIT!**

ON TEXAS A HORNED TOAD WAS ACCIDENTALLY SEALED UP IN A CORNER STONE! ... THIRTY YEARS LATER WHEN THE STONE WAS REMOVED, THE HORNED TOAD SLOWLY CRAWLED OUT ALIVE! ... (IT IS BELIEVED THAT TOADS, ETC., CAN REMAIN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR LONG PERIODS) ...

YIPE! WHAT'LL  
AH TELL 'TH  
WIFE?

**WESTERN QUIZ** WHAT CREATURE  
LASSOES ITS PREY?



**THE CHAMELEON!**

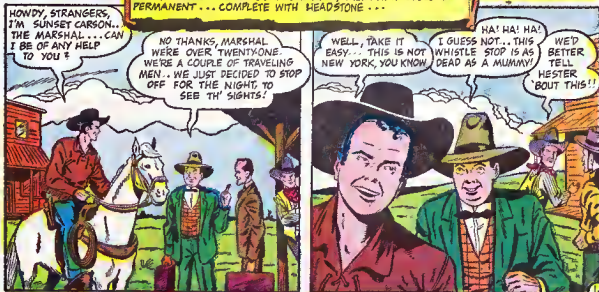
...HE CAN THROW HIS LONG ROPE LIKE TONGUE THE LENGTH OF HIS BODY! ... WRAPPING IT AROUND HIS UNWARY PREY... JUST LIKE A COWHAND LASSOIN' A CALF!

CLINT HARRISON

# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

# Sunset CARSON

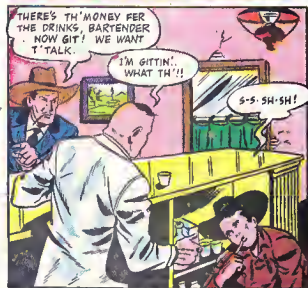
## AND THE DUDES FROM THE EAST



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



QUICKLY, SUNSET SLIPS AROUND TO THE REAR DOOR OF THE SALOON...



D HOT BRANDIN' IRONS!!

WE'LL PICK THEM CITY UNS CLEANERN A MAVERICK'S SKULL BONES

WE GOTTA KEEP AN EYE OUT FER SUNSET CARSON HE'S IN TOWN



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

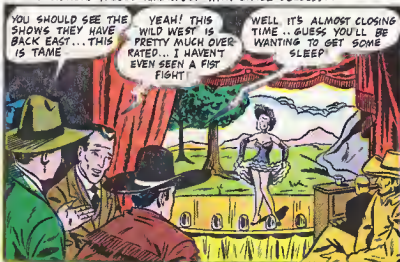
☐ LITTLE WHILE LATER...





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AS THE EVENING WEARS ALONG, SUNSET DOES HIS BEST TO SHOW THE VISITORS A GOOD TIME... BUT WITH LITTLE SUCCESS...



AND SO...



AS SUNSET HEADS FOR HOME, OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE HE SPOTS THREE FIGURES LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...



AS SUNSET PASSES THE STABLE WHERE CACTUS IS BEING HOUSED, ON AN IMPULSE HE REACHES FOR HIS LARIAT... THEN A FEW MINUTES LATER...



AND THEN...



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

BEFORE THE COWBOYS FEET QUITE TOUCH THE GROUND  
SUNSET SWINGS WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT...



I'LL TEACH YOU ALL THE  
MEANIN' OF OUR WESTERN  
HOSPITALITY!



I WAS WONDERING  
WHERE YOU WERE!

I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU  
CARSON!



DON'T TALK SO LOUD,  
HESTER... YOU'LL BE WAKING  
PEOPLE UP!!

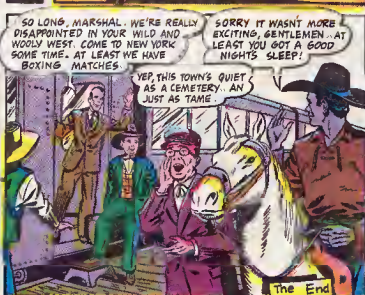


OKAY, BOYS, WE'VE HAD OUR FUN.  
NOW LET'S ALL TAKE A WALK DOWN  
TO TH' SHERIFF'S OFFICE..HE'LL  
WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT.



SO LONG, MARSHAL. WE'RE REALLY  
DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR WILD AND  
WOOLY WEST. COME TO NEW YORK  
SOME TIME. AT LEAST WE HAVE  
BOXING MATCHES.

SORRY IT WASN'T MORE  
EXCITING, GENTLEMEN...AT  
LEAST YOU GOT A GOOD  
NIGHTS SLEEP!



YEP, THIS TOWN'S QUIET  
AS A CEMETERY.. AN  
JUST AS TAME.

The End



# LEGENDS OF

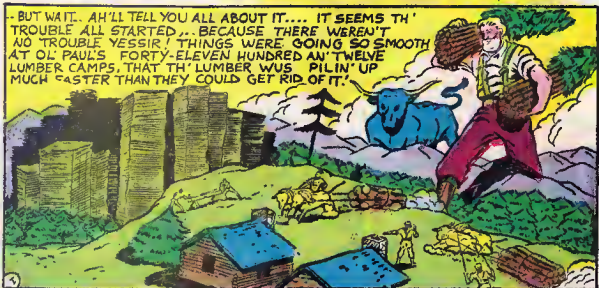
# PAUL BLUNYAN

SON, THAT'S LIKE  
ASKIN' ME IF THERE'S  
A COW IN TEXAS!..  
... AN' EVERYBODY  
KNOWS THAT'S  
CATTLE COUNTRY!

GRANDPA, DID  
OL' PAUL EVER  
DO ANY FISHIN'?



.. BUT WAIT. AH'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.... IT SEEMS TH'  
TROUBLE ALL STARTED... BECAUSE THERE WEREN'T  
NO TROUBLE YESSIR! THINGS WERE GOING SO SMOOTH  
AT OL' PAUL'S FORTY-ELEVEN HUNDRED AN' TWELVE  
LUMBER CAMPS, THAT TH' LUMBER WAS 'PILIN' UP  
MUCH FASTER THAN THEY COULD GET RID OF IT."



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



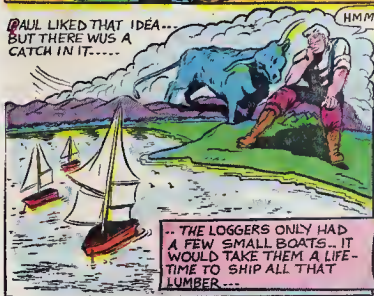
YEP! THEY HAD LUMBER PILED PERT-NEAR AS HIGH AS TH' MOUNTAINS ... OL' PAUL KNEW SOMETHIN' HAD TO BE DONE SO HE CALLED ALL HIS LUMBER CAMP FOREMAN TOGETHER FOR A MEETIN' TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO!...

HAVE ANY IDEAS MEN?



THE MEN HAD LOTS OF IDEAS, BUT NONE WAS WORKABLE, UNTIL A BIG SWEDIE CAME UP WITH AN IDEA-----

PAUL, WE COULD SHIP IT OVERSEAS AND TRADE IT FOR FOOD SUPPLIES!



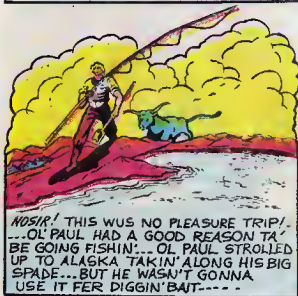
PAUL LIKED THAT IDEA... BUT THERE WAS A CATCH IN IT....

HMM!

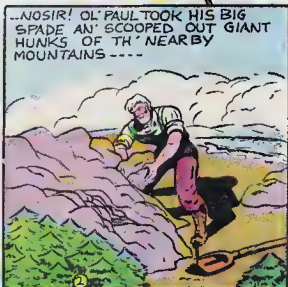
OL' PAUL STUDIED AWHILE ----AN THEN HE RIGGED HIMSELF UP A GIANT FISHIN POLE AN' LINE!... DO YOU THINK PAUL WAS A'GOIN' FISHIN' AN' FORGET HIS TROUBLES?



... THE LOGGERS ONLY HAD A FEW SMALL BOATS... IT WOULD TAKE THEM A LIFE-TIME TO SHIP ALL THAT LUMBER---



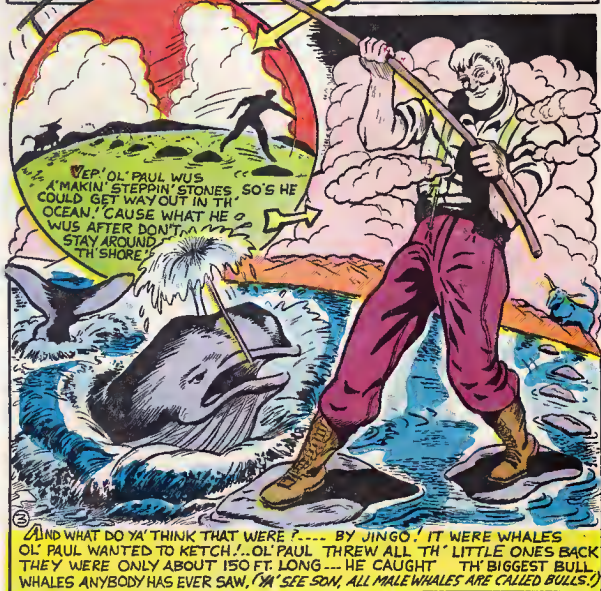
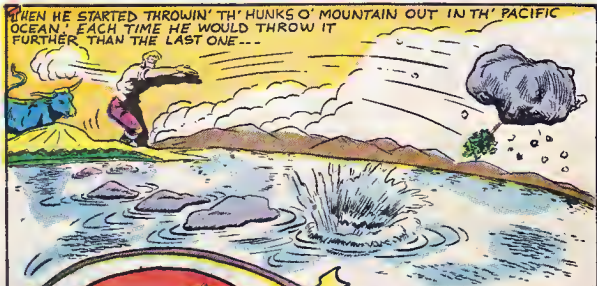
NOSIR! THIS WAS NO PLEASURE TRIP!... OL' PAUL HAD A GOOD REASON TA' BE GOING FISHIN'... OL' PAUL STROLLED UP TO ALASKA TAKIN' ALONG HIS BIG SPADE... BUT HE WASN'T GONNA USE IT FER DIGGIN' BAIT----



...NOSIR! OL' PAUL TOOK HIS BIG SPADE AN' SCOOPED OUT GIANT HUNKS OF TH' NEARBY MOUNTAINS ----



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

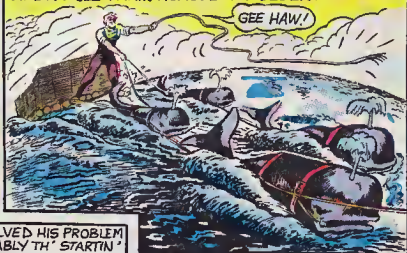


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

PAUL SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS A'TRAININ' TH' WHALES...THEN HE BUILT A HUGE RAFT FROM GIANT REDWOOD TREES----



...YA' SEE OL' PAUL HAD BEEN TRAININ' THEM BIG WHALES TO PULL IN A HARNESS JUST LIKE OXEN...PAUL LOADED TH' BIG STOCK PILES OF LUMBER ON HIS GIANT RAFT AN' HEADED ACROSS TH' OCEAN, JUST LIKE A MULE TRAIN ACROSS TH' DESERT----



YESSIR! OL' PAUL HAD SOLVED HIS PROBLEM ---AN'THAT WAS PROBABLY TH' STARTIN' OF WORLD TRADE, AN'SON SOME FOLKS SAY IF YOU LOOK AT A MAP YOU CAN SEE THOSE BIG HUNK O' MOUNTAIN OL' PAUL THREW IN TH' PACIFIC, ONLY NOW THEY'RE CALLED THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS!



WAL, AH HAVEN'T HAD ANY BITES TODAY...BUT ONCE WHEN AH WUS FISHIN' HERE AH HAD A FISH ON MY LINE SO BIG...AH WUS AFRAID HE WUS A' GONNA PULL ME IN !..SO AH CUT HIM LOOSE!



UH..UR..WAL, YA SEE SON, LIKE AH TOLD YOU ALL MALE WHALES ARE CALLED BULLS...SO AH RECKON HE MUST O' THOUGHT AH HAD DOGGONE NEAR CAUGHT MAH' SELF A WHALE!





DOUBLE-BARREL ACTION  
ON THE WESTERN PLAINS

... STARRING ...

**Sunset  
CARSON**

THERE'S  
ONE MORE  
DESERT RAT FOR  
FOLKS TO WATCH  
OUT FOR!

WANTED  
FOR MURDER



DAN DAWSON  
\$5000 REWARD

WE'LL JUST COMB THESE  
HILLS, CACTUS, AND KEEP OUR  
EYES OPEN FOR THAT KILLER,  
DAN DAWSON! HE'S KNOWN  
TO BE HIDING OUT IN THESE  
HILLS SOMEWHERE!

PRACTICALLY  
EVERY INCH  
OF HIS BE-  
LOVED WESTERN  
PLAINS AND  
HILLS IS  
KNOWN BY

**SUNSET  
CARSON**

AS SUNSET RIDES DEEPER  
INTO THE FOOTHILLS...

YOU'LL KEEP  
YOUR MOUTH  
SHUT OR--

WHOA, CACTUS--  
THAT MAN IS  
THREATENING  
A WOMAN AT  
GUNPOINT!

I'LL GET THE  
SHERIFF AND  
TELL WHERE--  
OOHH!

YOU  
KNOW  
TOO MUCH,  
SISTER!

YOU'LL GET A BIG KICK OUT  
OF ME DROPPING IN  
LIKE THIS!

**WHAM**

# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

MEANWHILE,  
AS DAWSON'S HALF-  
SISTER TELLS HER  
STORY TO SUNSET---

THESE HILLS ARE THE  
SAFEST PLACE FOR ME  
TO HIDE TILL DARK--  
IF I CAN GET HIGH  
ENOUGH, CARSON WON'T  
FIND ME!



IT'LL BE DARK IN  
A SHORT TIME! RECKON  
YOU'D BETTER RIDE BACK  
TO TOWN AND TELL THE  
SHERIFF I'LL BE  
BRINGING HIM  
COMPANY!



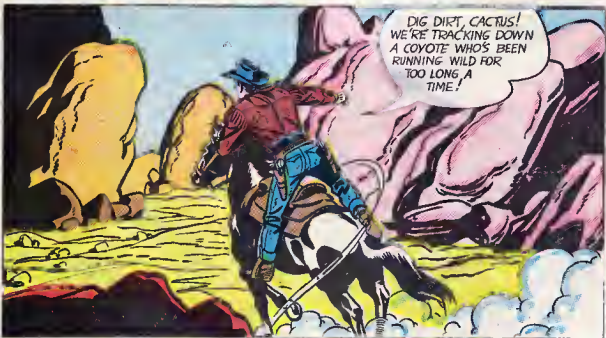
TWEEET

LET'S GET  
GOING,  
CACTUS!!

NEIGHHHH!



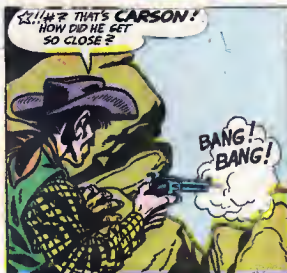
DIG DIRT, CACTUS!  
WE'RE TRACKING DOWN  
A COYOTE WHO'S BEEN  
RUNNING WILD FOR  
TOO LONG A  
TIME!



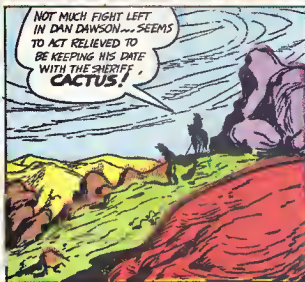
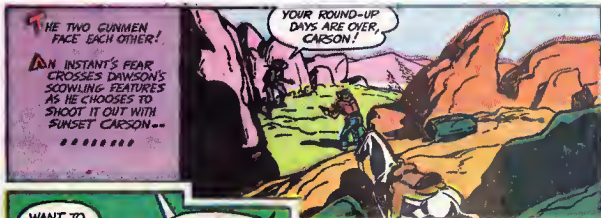


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

NEVER STOPPING FOR REST, DAN DAWSON KEEPS ON THE MOVE --- DRIVEN BY THAT DESPERATE FEAR KNOWN ONLY TO THOSE MEN WHO ARE RUNNING FROM CERTAIN **DOOM!**



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# SCOUT WES EAGAN HAS A MAGIC BIRD

Major Charles Russell was a dejected man as he sat before his desk in his private quarters at Fort Denton. He was a clear-shaven, thick-bodied man of middle height. His pale blue eyes contrasted well with his auburn hair which had a slight tinge of gray in it. He had served the American army well during the past twenty years. He wore a blue army shirt open at the neck. In front of him was a tall man, Captain Henry Wells, second in command. "How much ammunition have we left?" he asked in a low voice.

"About eighty rounds per man and that means not even enough for a tough day's fight. Chief Red Eagle has been buying some of those new repeating rifles from the traders who came down from the border. If he attacks this fort we don't stand a chance. He outnumbers and outguns us. It will be a massacre. Why don't you do what he wants?"

Major Russell was too tired to be angry. "I know the soldiers are talking behind my back. They all want me to return the four braves to Chief Red Eagle. One of those redskins killed the Chief's son, Lame Foot. But which one? If I turn them over to the Chief, do you know what he'll do? Roast them alive until he gets a confession. And then Heaven help the guilty one. He'll be cut to pieces, bit by bit."

Captain Wells knew he voiced the sentiment of every enlisted man at the fort when he replied, "By the great Bear Dipper, you can't be willing to let the men here die just for the sake of what you call an abstract principle of justice. If the Indians take this fort, they will attack Huntington City and then Beaver Point. Not a white settler will be safe for miles around."

But the Major stuck to his point. "We signed a treaty with the redmen. As long as they are on the reservation they cannot use torture or put a brave to death for murder. If the man is convicted of murder, be he white or red or any color in this world, he must get a fair trial by a jury. Torture belongs to the dim past."

Suddenly the two officers heard shouting. "What's wrong? Can it be that they have spotted

Indian smoke signals in the hills?" asked, the captain. The door opened and a sentry saluted. His face was all smiles as he announced, "Head Scout Wes Eagan is here. Just rode into the fort."

Into the room walked a giant of a man, perhaps a shade over six feet three. His long chestnut hair, even parted over his brow, hung in ringlets over his broad shoulders. His face was cleanly shaven, except for a small drooping mustache which shaded a mouth that always seemed to smile. He was dressed in fancy shirt and leather leggings. Around his hip he wore a full cartridge belt and the two .44's he carried had seen their full share of service. The most famous man of the West had come in response to an emergency message.

"You don't know how glad I am that you made it," welcomed the Major. "We're up against a tough situation and we need your help. My message gave you the facts. Any suggestions to make?"

The sentry had left the room and closed the door behind him. "I heartily agree with you, Major," began Wes Eagan, "that you can't let Chief Red Eagle torture the braves to find out who killed his son. Law and order is coming to the west. On the other hand you can't sit by and let his braves get out of hand. They are shouting for the war dance. Once they get their spirits whipped up the scalping knife will be red with blood."

"That sort of puts us between the devil and the deep blue sea," pointed out Captain Wells. "How can you handle such a situation that is liable to blow right up into our faces any moment?"

The famous scout had his answer ready. "Major Russell, you and I are going to ride into the Chief's Camp alone. I am going to try to get him to come to this fort. If he agrees, then I will show him a simple way to find the guilty brave. Still got the chicken coop? I'll need an old rooster for this trick. If it works everything

will be fine. If not, let's not even try to think about it."

Mounted on his chestnut colored mustang, Wes Eagan was followed by Major Russell as they rode for the Indian camp. They were going across open prairie. "As soon as we hit the brush, what about hidden Indians ready to welcome us with arrows or bullets?" asked the Major. Wes bit his lips as he usually did when he had some hard thinking to do. "On my way to the fort I noticed smoke signals. The Chief knows by this time I arrived. And he can guess my mission. We won't have any trouble unless an over-anxious brave is desirous of adding an extra scalp to his collection."

As the two horses started towards the brush, the keen eyes of Wes spotted crushed grass. His knowledge of Indian sign told him that the owner of a pair of moccasins had recently walked there and was probably hiding in the brush. His right hand dropped to the side of his saddle. And in one second it came up with his famous boomerang. The weapon went sailing through the air, hit its objective, and then returned to the hand of the skilled thrower.

The army officer had heard about the uncanny skill of the scout with his Australian weapon. It was the first time he had ever seen it in operation. The two men dismounted and Wes dragged an unconscious Indian out from behind the brush. "A present for the Chief," he said. "I'll just drop him off in camp while he dreams about the scalp he didn't get."

At least three hundred lodges were pitched near the river's edge. A war dance was ending when the two men reached the lodge of the Chief. Bucks and squaws were jumping around in ecstasy and shouting about their previous battles. They were beating skin rattles and challenging every enemy to come out and test his courage. But they ignored the two men on horseback.

Chief Red Eagle was the picture of dignity. His head was shaven and painted red and from the tuft of hair remaining on the crown, dangled several eagle's feathers and the tails of two or three rattle snakes. His cheeks were daubed with vermillion. He was an enormous man and as he spoke in English to the famous scout, it was clear he was measuring every word.

"I know why my white brother comes into camp. I knew of his mission from the Winds. They sent a cloud ahead to inform me. My Braves were ordered to let you pass in peace. The one who disobeyed me shall suffer. All I

want are my Braves held in the fort. They must suffer for the death of my son."

Inwardly Wes prayed before he replied. If only the Chief would agree to try his plan. "I come to ask you to the fort to see a magic bird. It will pick out the guilty brave. You need fear no trickery. Your men are strong enough to reduce the fort to ashes. But if the bird discovers the guilty brave, all I ask is that you let Major Russell punish him."

The Chief could sense that the words were coming from the heart of his white friend. "All Indians know that the Great Scout does not speak with forked tongue. He tells but the truth. If there is a magic bird like you say, there shall be peace, and Major Russell can punish the guilty man."

The four Braves were in the main hall of the fort. On one side of them was a line of soldiers. On the other was a line of Indians. On a table was an old rooster. Wes spoke. "This is a magic bird. When the guilty man touches him the bird will inform me. Next to this hall is a small room. The bird will be placed in that room on a table. One at a time and alone, each brave will go inside the room and touch the bird."

The table was moved into a dark room. Wes went into the room and then came out. One at a time the Braves went into that room. When they came up he lined them up against the wall and ordered, "Show me your hands, with palms to the sky." He held the bird in his hands and he stopped in front of a short Indian. The rooster screamed and Wes announced, "Red Cloud is the guilty man." The Indian yelled in fright, "I killed Chief Red Eagle's son. But take me away from devil bird."

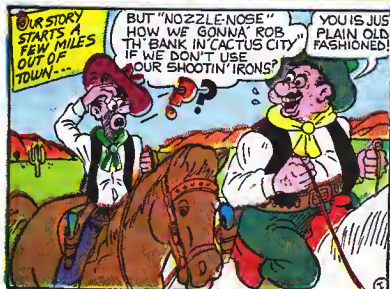
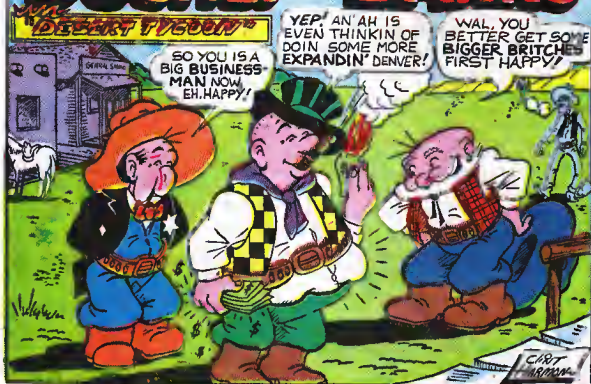
The famous scout was about to leave the fort a week later. All was peaceful and quiet except for a puzzled Major. "There isn't such a thing as a magic bird, yet I saw it happen with my own eyes. The Indians call you a great medicine man. Want to tell me the secret?"

Wes could afford the luxury of a laugh. "I put bluing on the bird," he explained. "The innocent three Braves touched the bird. The guilty man didn't. When they showed me their hands I knew it was Red Cloud. I then pinched the bird to make it scream in front of him. That magic bird saved the frontier from a nasty blood war, so keep him well fed and don't eat him."

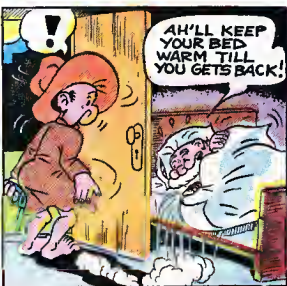
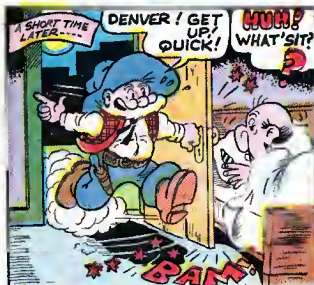
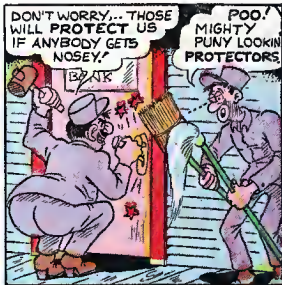
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# DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNS

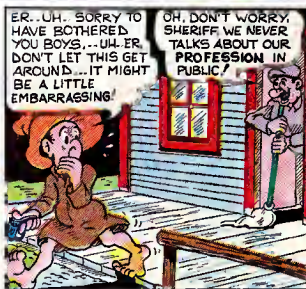
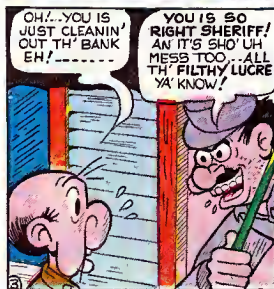
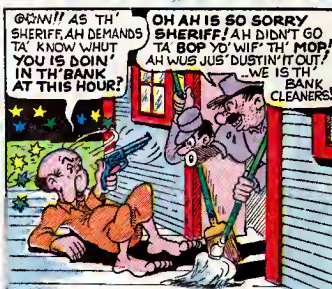
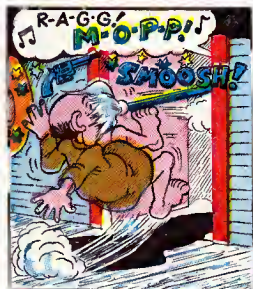
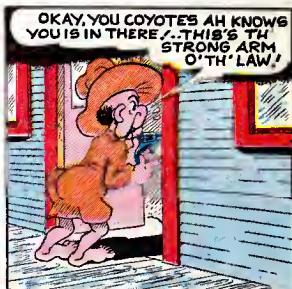
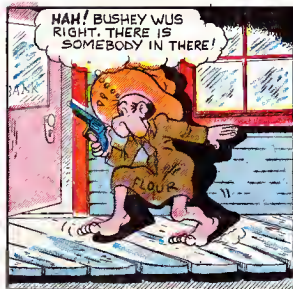


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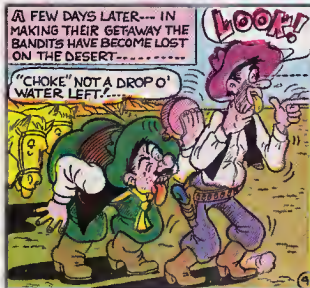
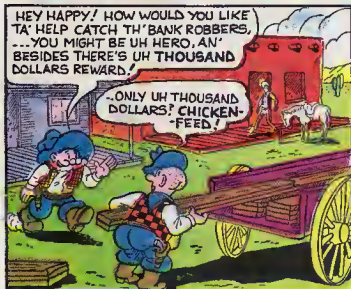
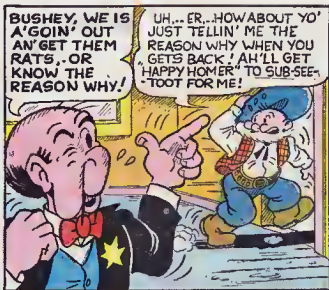




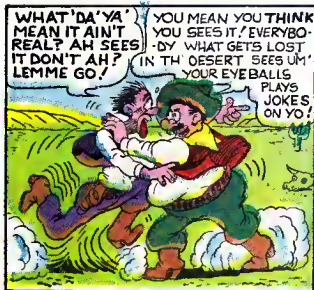
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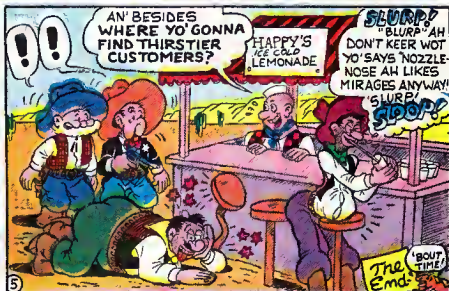
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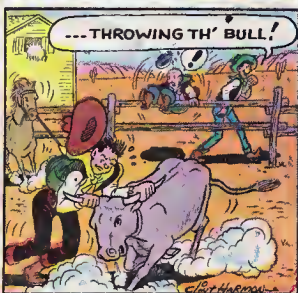
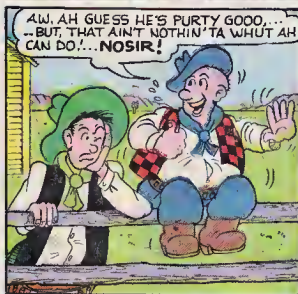
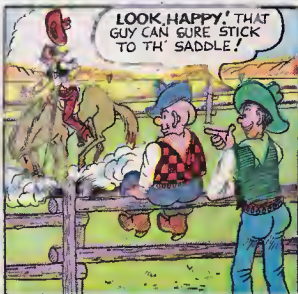
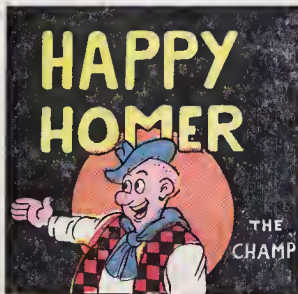


THEN  
T  
H  
U  
D!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# Li'Z HOOTiE

HAH! WHO SAID I  
WOULD NEVER GET UP  
IN UM' WORLD AND  
GO PLACES ?!

SQUAWK!  
SQUAWK!

TRANSLATION  
"HI-YA  
CHICKEN!"

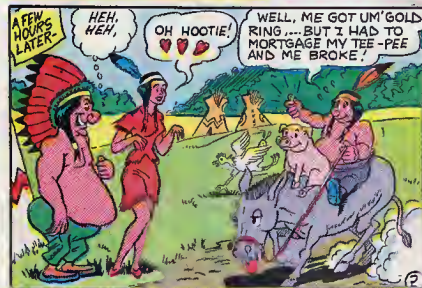
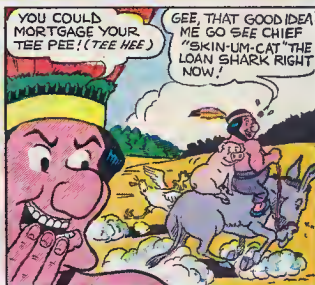
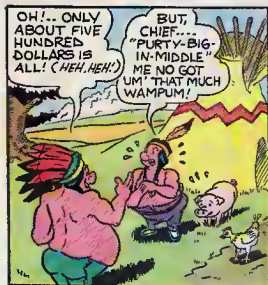
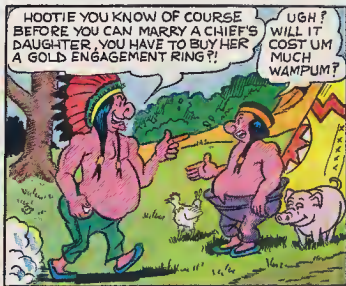
?!

BY Clint Harmon

I SEE BIG CHIEF 'PURTY-BIG-IN-MIDDLE' ISN'T TOO HAPPY WITH THE IDEA OF HIS DAUGHTER MARRYING LY'L HOOTIE!

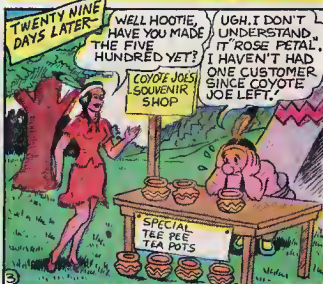
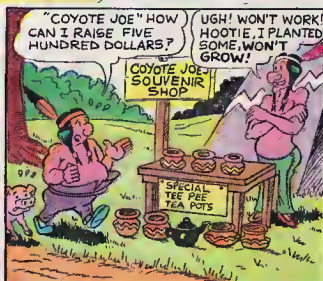
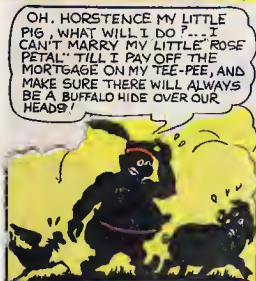
"SOB" ★ NV!! \*!  
"SOB"!

# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

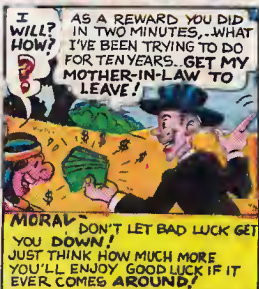
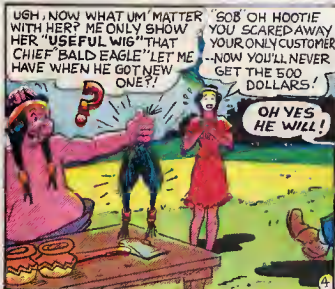
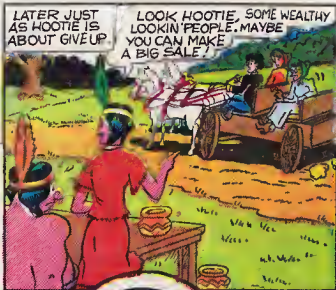




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# PECOS

*Bill*

NOW PECOS!... HOW COULD  
YO POSSIBLY THINK THET AH  
CROWDED YO OFF'IN THIS  
CLIFF ON PURPOSE?... (HEH, HEH.)  
...WHEN HERE AH IS... TRYING  
MA' BEST TA' HOLD YO' UP WIF'  
MAH LASSO!.. NOW, LEGGO THEM  
ROOTS AN YO' TROUBLES  
WAL ALL BE OVER! (CHUCKLE)  
(GIGGLE!)

READERS:  
CAUTION!  
IF YOU IS TH'  
CHICKEN-  
HEARTED TYPE  
DON'T READ  
THIS STORY!

ERK!

AWK! ?

CLINT HARMON

FOLKS, WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT ONLY THIRTY-ONE YEARS  
AGO, THIS MIGHTY MASS O'MANHOOD WAS A MERE NINETY-NINE  
POUND WEAKLIN' AN' NOW LOOK AT HIM TODAY  
ONLY THIRTY TWO YEARS OLD! AFTER  
DRINKIN ONLY TWO THOUSAND  
FORTY- FOUR BOTTLES OF  
"DRINK-IT-ALL".

AH'LL SWAN  
SHORE COME  
OUT IF DIDN'T  
HEP

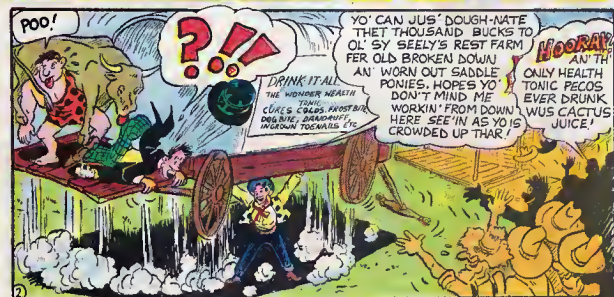
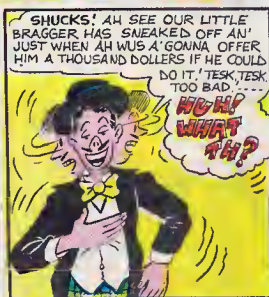
DRINK-IT-ALL  
THE WONDERFUL  
HEALTH TONIC

...AN' FOLKS, YOU TOO, CAN  
LOOK LIKE HIM!.. ER..UH..  
I MEAN YOU WILL BE  
AS STRONG AN' MUSCLE  
BOUND / BY JUST  
DRINKIN' "DRINK-IT-ALL"  
MY NEW WONDER  
HEALTH TONIC!

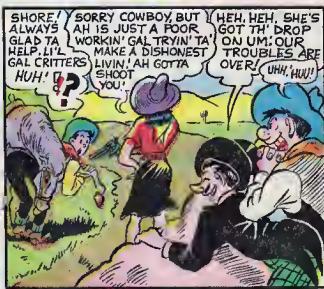




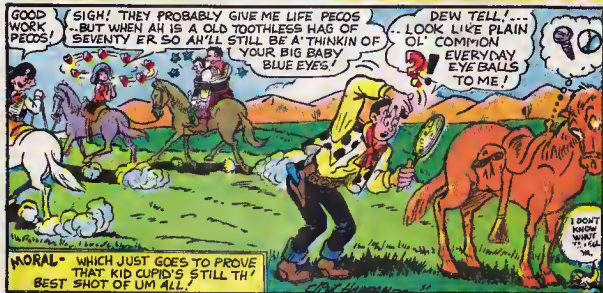
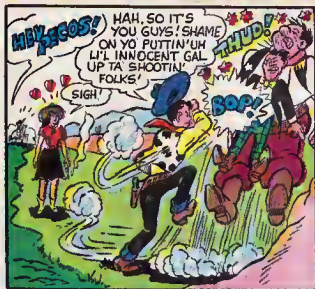
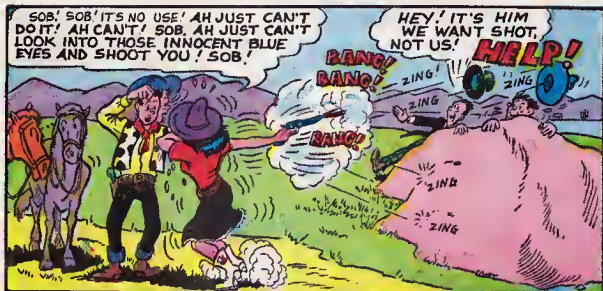
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

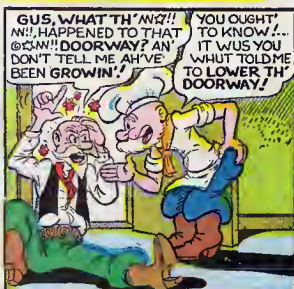
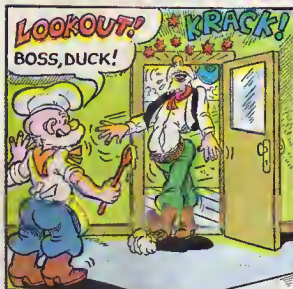


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C. 233)

Of Cowboy Western Comics published bi-monthly at Derby, Connecticut for October, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.  
Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.  
Managing Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.  
Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Chorlton Comics, Incorporated, Derby, Conn.  
Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.  
Hortense R. Levy, Derby, Conn.  
John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 & 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the officer's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVEY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept., 1951.  
(SEAL)

Edward A. Hord  
Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 14, 1954)

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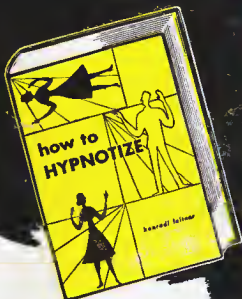
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